

THE NATION

DECEMBER 6, 1958 . . 25c

PEACE WINS an ELECTION

Colorado Points the Way

by William P. Irwin

THE BERLIN CRISIS

Tactics and Strategy

by Terence Prittie

HEADING INTO SPACE

A Down-to-Earth Look

by Dan Wakefield

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LETTERS

Are You Having Christmas-Card Worries?

Dear Sirs: Our family saw the *Golden Rule* off on its first protest voyage against nuclear-bomb testing. We have done what we could for the cause since. Now the Earle Reynolds story, "The Forbidden Voyage," in your November 15 issue, gives us another opportunity. Can you supply me with fifty copies of this issue? My husband and eight-year-old daughter have read the article and agree that it makes the best possible Christmas card.

May we have wrappers with the copies? We intend to mark them in such a way as to meet postal regulations.

EVELYN DAMUS

Loma Linda, California

To those of our readers who think Mrs. Damus has a good idea, we are prepared to fill orders (minimum order: 25 copies) of the November 15 issue at 12½ cents per copy (half the usual price). Wrappers will be provided free. Send orders with check or money order to Circulation Dept., *The Nation*, 333 6th Ave., N. Y. 14, N. Y.—Editors.

Dear Sirs: I only wish that words were capable of expressing to Mr. Reynolds and his family the elation, the encouragement, and the revivification of spirit that took possession of me as I read their story. I am sure that hundreds of readers shared my feelings.

PHILIP CHAPIN JONES

Northport, L.I.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Reynolds' courageous family brawl against the elements — the sea, the Coast Guard, the AEC, the U.S. State Dept., Government, Dept. of Justice, and everything else — is the best piece you have carried yet. It tells in such human and endearing terms of the plight of the individual against unreasoning institutional force over which he no longer has control.

MERTON E. GRUSH, JR.

South Hadley, Mass.

Fire-Breathing Rabbit

Dear Sirs: Mr. Barthol, in his provocative article, "The Subliminal Rabbit," [*The Nation*, November 15] seems to have missed the point when he describes the furor raised by subliminal stimulation as "attacking a small rabbit." For it is not in the field of com-

mercial advertising, on which the author places greatest emphasis, that many of us fear the effects of this technique. It is, rather, in the realm of political and social affairs where the dangers of directing (or affecting) one's subconscious are to be feared most.

Mr. Barthol points out that, "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me," is much too complex a thought to survive (when received subliminally) without gross distortion. But how would people react to a subliminal message which said: "socialized medicine" — and added a commonly accepted term of approbation or reprobation? Or what effect would there be on race relations if "mongrelization" were insistently and subliminally flashed to those previously conditioned to accept its meaning as a disruption of their "way of life"?

It should be obvious at this point that there is a direct relation between previous conditioning and the possible effects of subliminal stimulation. Given this relationship, how then can we view our rabbit? Supraliminal stimulation, we are told, has an "incalculably greater impact" than the subliminal variety. And, as Mr. Barthol says, "a single point of view, presented insistently, can and does change beliefs and attitudes"; and since, as he again states, there is an increasing trend in this country towards a one-party press (which we can assume will present a single point of view insistently and consistently), what forces are there to protect the individual from having his beliefs and attitudes changed through the combination of supra- and subliminal stimulation in a way in which they might not otherwise be altered?

This, I submit, is the issue with which we are faced. It is obvious, of course, that it is the one-party press that laid the groundwork for this condition. And so we can rightly draw swords against this dragon. But if a one-party press be a dragon (and surely it is some sort of monster) then subliminal motivation can easily become added fuel for the dragon's consuming fire.

It seems, therefore, that the implications of subliminal stimulation in areas outside of commercial advertising are indeed frightening — certainly no less to be guarded against than the forces of anti-intellectualism. We must be prepared to fight the abridgement of personal liberties in whatever form it appears — whether as anti-intellectualism or in the forces of thought control possible with subliminal stimulation.

SAM WEINER

Stanford, Calif.

Back Numbers, Anyone?

Dear Sirs: We have in our storage files several years of back issues of *The Nation*, and other monthly periodicals which we would like to donate to some public library where they might be of some value.

ROBERT SILVERSTEIN
500 West National Avenue
Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin

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EDITORIALS

The East German Contagion

The Soviet Union's latest offer on Berlin—"open city" or East German city—is one of those complicated maneuvers whose full import will no doubt be unraveled in the days to come. But meanwhile some quarters in Washington are already urging—six months before the Soviet "ultimatum" is to go into effect—that we be prepared to use tanks to smash through check points manned by East Germans. It is explained that for us to deal with East German road guards would be tantamount to extending *de facto* recognition to the East German regime. Once they were permitted to examine military travel documents, their next move would be to refuse to let the convoys through. But even before this eventuality came to pass, NATO would have been inoculated with a deadly and contagious virus. Its members could never rally from the humiliation of submitting to East German jurisdiction over routes which run through East Germany.

The contagion theory is a conjecture, not a certainty. The Soviets have formal, *de jure* diplomatic relations with the West Germans. Ambassador Smirnoff asks for an appointment with Chancellor Adenauer and they confer in the Chancellor's office, not in the zoo. What they say to each other is no doubt unpleasant, but no more so than many communications between businessmen. Nor does either man succumb to the virus so feared by our political bacteriologists. Smirnoff remains a Communist and Adenauer a capitalist.

But is not East Germany more virulent than the Soviet Union? The West Germans don't seem to think so, for they have *de facto* relations with the East Germans and more of them with each passing year. The contention over the Berlin routes is over military traffic; trade and civilian travel between the two Germanys proceeds through well-understood arrangements. Neither side seems to realize that grave politico-medical hazards are involved.

There are, in fact, even more intimate associations from time to time. It was revealed only recently that Herr Fritz Schaeffer, Minister of Justice in Chancellor Adenauer's cabinet, had conferred in 1956 with the Soviet Ambassador to East Germany, Georgi Maksimovich Pushkin, in the latter's East Berlin Chancellery. He also conferred with Lieut. Gen. Vincenz Mueller, Deputy Defense Minister of East Germany. This venture in East-West diplomacy we know of. It is a fair assumption that other contacts have occurred to which we are not privy. Nor, when Herr Schaeffer's indiscretion was revealed, did Chancellor Adenauer release any Jovian lightnings on his head.

In the meantime, each of the two Germanys must feel it gains by the relations between them, or these relations would not exist. Since they do exist, the contagion theory is *ipso facto* nonsense. As for the tanks, there will be time enough to deploy them when the East Germans bar the way to Berlin. The talk of tanks has come from Washington, not Moscow. Since the East Germans will still hearken to the voice of Moscow, and Moscow can't afford a war—ultimatum or no—the road to Berlin is likely to remain open.

The Ladies Tell the Generals

There have been numerous complaints of late that the American male is becoming an epicene underling instead of the leonine creature he used to be. A particularly doleful lamentation by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in the November *Esquire*, was not taken very seriously by the general population which, noting the statistics on teen-age assault and battery, the language of frustrated truck drivers, and the *sang-froid* of skyscraper window cleaners, seems to have been lulled into a false sense of security. But now it appears that even the Air Force is losing its virility. Standing behind this alarming revelation are five eminent professional women who

took part in a public-relations seminar sponsored by the 9215th Information Services Squadron of the New York Air Reserve Center and reported by *Advertising Age* in its November 10 issue. Bernice Fitz-Gibbon, a member of the Retail Advertising Conference Hall of Fame, was particularly critical of the decline of the traditional masculine virtues in an area where it would be least expected. She called for more toughness in the Air Force public-relations program. For instance, what is to be the proper attitude for Air Force publicists when the inhabitants of a town demur at the establishment of an air base on the ground of noise and occasional crashes of military aircraft into housing developments? Labeling her proposal TNT (for "tactful and tough"), Miss Fitz-Gibbon told the cringing PR officer: "You should let the smug inhabitants of the town know, in no uncertain terms, that their getting an air base is like grabbing a fistful of stars. Prosperity will roll over the whole community, creating more jobs, doubling local merchants' business volume, and spilling hundreds of thousands of dollars into the town's river of cash. But you have to be tough about it. Like the old preacher, and like modern advertisers, you have to keep on telling them. . . ." If there is any fault to be found with this injunction, it is that the recommended toughness is too greatly diluted with pleasant incentives. A truly masculine attitude would be to drop dummy bombs on the residences of the smug objectors until they came to their senses.

The Faultless Man—the Flawless Agency

If this journal printed an article stating that President Eisenhower was an incompetent political leader without energy, conviction or leadership, hardly an eyebrow would be raised. We might, with impunity, even go as far as the current issue of *Harper's*, which states baldly that the President was never a "soldier" or a "military man" "except in name" (whatever that may mean). There would be no widespread comment on our impudence any more than there will be on *Harper's*.

We could take our Vice President to task in the sharpest terms (and we have done so) without a single newspaper columnist or politician paying the slightest attention to our criticism. "Tricky Dick" is fair game for all who wish to arrest his pursuit of the Presidency.

Even the Supreme Court is not immune to criticism. If we charged that the Court was undermining the Constitution, nullifying sacred states' rights, freeing Communists by the regiment and generally assuming a legislative rather than a judicial role, we would be merely swelling a press chorus which has repeated these false accusations again and again. Perhaps our subscribers would be shocked; nobody else would.

But when *The Nation* has the temerity to suggest

that despite an over-all record of satisfactory performance, the FBI and its director may have certain shortcomings, the roof falls in. The head of the American Legion screams "Smear!" and the efficient wire services of the AP and UPI dutifully record his horror throughout the land. A newly designated Cardinal tells a distinguished audience in Boston, which includes the Governor of the Bay State, that *The Nation* fired "the biggest gun in the anti-FBI campaign." A Senator from Maryland proposes an inquiry by the Internal Security Subcommittee into the "conspiracy" to discredit the FBI. Sokolsky thunders twice; Pegler does whatever he does once. Editorial writers around the country gallop to the defense of the pitiful and helpless object of our criticism: J. Edgar Hoover.

If only half of the commentators on our FBI issue would take the time to read it, their screams would be pitched somewhat lower. But this is too much to hope for. We have apparently discovered the one flawless man administering the one faultless government agency. From now on, back to those good, safe comments on the President's lack of character and the Vice President's lack of ethics.

Bedside Reading for Mr. Dulles

John Foster Dulles received an ovation when he appeared in Cleveland to address the Fifth World Order Study Conference of the National Council of Churches of Christ. The delegates like Mr. Dulles; he is an old friend and colleague to many of them and the conference's former adviser on foreign affairs. But having greeted him with warm, friendly applause, the delegates then proceeded to repudiate — in spirit, at least — the major tenets of his foreign policy. Among the specific recommendations adopted by the conference were recognition by this country of Red China and its admission to the U.N. Since then, an effort has been made to undercut the force of the recommendation by pointing to the fact that the press incorrectly reported that it had been adopted unanimously. What happened was this. The conference was divided into four sections, each of which reported its recommendations to a plenary session; the plenary, in turn, adopted the "Message" or general report. An attempt was made to amend the China recommendation in the plenary session, but only about a fourth of the delegates voted for the amendment. For the most part, this minority was made up of delegates representing Eastern Orthodox groups which have a special position on China; hence, for all practical purposes, there *was* unanimity in the recommendation.

While couched in generalities, the "Message" nevertheless sharply questions the policy of nuclear deterrence, scotches the notion of a preventive war, examines and rejects the doctrine of limited war, and calls into

question the basic ideological presuppositions of the Cold War. For example, it points out that "to reduce the total tensions [in East-West relations] to moral terms is unjustifiable. . . . Stronger efforts must be made to break through the present stalemate and to find ways of living with Communist nations. Sometimes this is called 'co-existence,' but we are concerned with something more than the minimum meaning of the word. . . . We should avoid the posture of general hostility to them and cease the practice of continual moral lectures to them by our leaders."

In his address, Mr. Dulles told the delegates that this country would not change its basic foreign policies to appease its enemies or curry favor with its friends. Unfortunately, the Secretary left Cleveland before the "Message" was adopted, but he will read it and he will not be pleased. That he has now come to a parting of the ways with his old friends in the National Council can hardly be doubted. The "Message" is not an official pronouncement until it is approved by the council's General Board, which was to meet on December 3-4, but the tenor of the document and the character of the discussions at Cleveland clearly indicate the direction of Protestant thinking on foreign policy.

Double-Think on China

In the nine years since — as the *Wall Street Journal* inelegantly puts it — "Communist armies booted Chiang Kai-shek off the mainland," *Time-Life* has been tireless in its efforts to restore Chiang's sovereignty over those who did the booting. Can it be that these

efforts are slackening? Only Henry Luce can say, but the fact is that the cover of the current issue of *Time* is emblazoned with a portrait of, not Chiang, but Mao Tse-tung, and considerable space is devoted to the frenzies of the "New China," with its manual dam construction, do-it-yourself iron smelting, and communal living. News is news, and perhaps *Time* has also been influenced by the writing on the California wall. The voters may not have sent Senator Knowland into oblivion because of his pro-Chiang stand, but obviously the Chiang-Knowland alliance didn't prove to be much of a vote-getter either.

The suspicion that some sort of reluctant *modus vivendi* is in the making has much wider support than a *Time* cover. A more cogent piece of evidence is the fact that scarcely an issue of an American newspaper appears without an inspired denial that the United States will ever appease, trade with, recognize, or have any amicable dealings with, the nefarious Chinese Reds. Thus the irreconcilably anti-Peking New York *World-Telegram* starts a November 25 column with the remark that "sensitive antennae" have been picking up signals which might indicate a "slight softening" of American policy toward China. The writer then makes the obligatory obeisance to Mr. Dulles: the Administration's answer to the mere suggestion is a "resounding no." These disclaimers have become almost as routine as the obituary notices and the sports pages. But, whether in the affairs of the heart or in diplomacy, denials don't gain force by repetition—rather the contrary. The worldly inference is that there must be a powerful temptation to do what, it is endlessly said, will never be done.

PEACE WINS an ELECTION . . by William P. Irwin

Fort Collins, Colorado
THE SECOND Congressional District, in northeast Colorado, is a sprawling, improbable political creation of nineteen counties covering more than 30,000 square miles, an area roughly the size of South Carolina. Estimates of mid-1957, already out of date, set its population at 560,000, a thin counterpane of life by Eastern standards, and spread all

WILLIAM P. IRWIN, a member of the Department of History and Government in Colorado State University, is president of the Colorado Young Democrats and a member of the Democratic State Central Committee.

ways to the outer limits of water lines and irrigation ditches.

Most of the district is prairie, a harsh land extending out of Kansas and Nebraska and coming to an abrupt halt against the rise of the Front Range of the Rockies. Its northern half is watered by the South Platte River and its tributaries. Here English, Scandinavian, German and Volga German pioneers built prosperous towns which, sheltered by cottonwoods and elms from the obliterating depths of the plains beyond, are not unlike Norwalk, Ohio, and Bloomington, Illinois. The cities of Boulder, Fort Collins, Greeley, Fort Morgan and Sterling are service and distribution centers for the beef,

grain, potato and sugar beet industries which lie along the river basin. Here, it has been said, the Middle West returns briefly before being swallowed up in the mountains.

Carved out of the southwest corner of the district is the City of Denver, to plainsmen an enclave of dubious credentials, comprising by itself the First Congressional District. Wholly surrounding Denver, but a part of the Second District, are more than a quarter million persons living in a splotched mosaic of incorporated and unincorporated suburbs. East of the city, in Adams and Arapahoe counties, residential areas gradually thin out until, at the "blue line" limits of the Denver water sys-

tem, they disappear entirely into the plains.

For only the second time since Colorado entered the union in 1876, the Second Congressional District has sent a Democrat to Washington. In 1932, Fred Cummings was swept into the House with the Roosevelt tide, only to be beached at the ebb in 1940. For eighteen years thereafter, Republican William S. Hill of Fort Collins held the seat against all comers. Old Billy knew the district and the district knew him; the pact between them to overlook his serious Congressional deficiencies seemed inviolable. The district was Republican, there was certainly no doubt about it.

Hill's Democratic opponent in 1956 was Dr. Byron L. Johnson, a young professor of economics at Denver University. Johnson had come to the Denver area in 1947, after some years of federal employment, and become active in a host of civic ventures. Not until 1952, at age thirty-six, did he dive into politics. In that year of the Eisenhower crusade against the infidels, he conducted a creditable but losing race for the lower house of the Colorado General Assembly from a suburban and cattle district south of Denver. In 1954, the size of the district having been reduced to suburban Arapahoe County alone, Johnson ran ahead of his ticket to be elected a minority member of a state legislature controlled by Republicans since 1938.

In 1956, Johnson entered the Congressional race in the Second District. After overwhelming his primary opposition and conducting a strenuous general election campaign, he was defeated by a margin of 14,000 in something over 200,000 votes cast. The district was still Republican, Democrats noted to one another. The defeated candidate went to work as an administrative assistant for the newly elected Governor, Democrat Steve McNichols.

AT THE Second District Democratic Assembly in Greeley, in July, 1958, three other aspirants for the job of U.S. Representative were by-passed to nominate Johnson without primary opposition. By now Hill had announced his retirement, and at

the Republicans' primary, John Mackie, a "liberal" from Longmont, in Boulder County, emerged victorious. Mackie, an attorney, was a transplanted Pennsylvanian; in his late thirties, he was a veteran of six years in the lower house of the Colorado General Assembly.

Adopting a Stevenson-like posture of "talking sense to the people," and working with the slogan "for a truly prosperous nation in a truly peaceful world," Johnson took the initia-



Drawing by Berger
Byron L. Johnson

tive throughout the district. Plugging hard at the price-cost squeeze on farmers, monopolism in agriculture, commerce and industry, and calling for increased federal aid for schools and expanded farm and small-business credit, the Democratic candidate, it was conceded, was putting on a determined, imaginative campaign. Mackie, a hard-driving, personable campaigner, was hampered as a newcomer and by an inability to find an issue not already pre-empted by his opponent.

"Elect a Man of Action, Not of Dreams," Mackie advertising proclaimed in the vaguely anti-intellectual tones deemed acceptable in the rural areas. What possible use could the Second District have for an economics professor, a housing and social-security consultant, a bureaucrat and, worst of all, a "Denverite"? "If all the college professors in the world who are trying to study

the farm problem were laid end to end, wouldn't it be a wonderful funeral?" the Republican candidate remarked publicly in mid-October.

An opinion sample taken in the second week of October found Johnson running at 37 per cent, Mackie 36 per cent, and the rest undecided. It was still, most people assumed, a Republican district.

On October 24, eleven days before the election, the campaign took a startling turn at a debate sponsored by the Colorado State University chapter of the American Association of University Professors. Speaking first, and briefly, on the assigned subject of Congressional policies on higher education, Mackie turned suddenly to a direct personal attack upon Johnson, who had not yet been to the rostrum.

Labeling his opponent a pacifist and a man "unfit to serve as a Congressman," Mackie directed three questions to Johnson: Would he personally bear arms to defend his nation? Would he vote for military funds for preparedness? Was he a supporter of the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation? Both a reporter and a photographer from the *Rocky Mountain News*, sixty-five miles from home base, recorded the melee which followed. Higher education was promptly forgotten.

Responding with heat and confusion, Johnson said it was indeed true that he would not bear arms, but that he would vote for the United States to go to war if attacked. Juxtaposed on front pages of the Fort Collins *Coloradoan* and other Republican newspapers, the two unrelated utterances produced a startled and embittered public murmur: Johnson won't go to war, but he would send us!

IN THE next three or four days election news centered with sheer wonderment on the Second District, and even a bitterly fought "right to work" campaign in the state was momentarily forgotten. Headlines burst on Denver and across the state: "Mackie Labels Johnson Unfit as Pacifist"; "Pacifist Charges Enliven District 2 Congress Battle"; "Johnson Defends Pacifist Beliefs After Mackie Blast." Within hours,

Republican gubernatorial candidate Palmer Burch had assaulted his opponent, McNichols, for appointing an "admitted pacifist" to his administrative staff.

Democratic workers faltered. Telephones began to ring in campaign headquarters and private homes throughout the district. "What about this character? What's he trying to do to us?" Inquiries started to flow into offices of the Colorado Labor Council, AFL-CIO: "Is this the guy we endorsed?" And the party pros shook their heads. Johnson was dead. It was a damn pity, but he was dead.

Mackie's timing had been canny. This was, after all, the sort of charge that took time to sink roots into the masses of voters. It would take a few days before gossip could reach the full force of its potential.

There was no question, moreover, about Byron Johnson's position. For years, his pacifism had been a matter of common knowledge (though only of mild interest) among his friends. Grandfather Lindberg had been the first Swedish Baptist minister in Minnesota back in the 1860s, and the pacifist tradition of the faith had been passed down to the boy by his mother, herself an active church layman. As a student at the University of Wisconsin, Johnson had become active in the Baptist Student Group and, in 1936, joined the student Fellowship of Reconciliation, a well-known and respected Christian peace movement.

After moving to Denver, the Johnsons joined the Congregational Church, and in time Byron had become Chairman of the Social Action Committee of the Colorado Conference of Congregational Churches. Work with the same committee of the Denver Area Council of Churches led, in 1957, to a vice presidency of the Denver Area Council, and after some twenty years of membership, Johnson was elected to the National Board of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

IN WORLD WAR II, Johnson was called by his draft board, to whom he declared his intention to register as a conscientious objector. Rejected on his physical examination and

classified 4-F, his decision was overlooked. During the war years and before moving to the Denver area, he served, first, as a fiscal analyst in the Bureau of the Budget and, later, in the Federal Social Security Administration. In succeeding years, he has been called as a fiscal consultant by the cities of New York and Denver, and enlisted his knowledge of social security, housing and finances in a variety of public and private undertakings.

Few headlines, but occasional newspaper notices, accompanied Johnson's interests outside politics. It took five years of wrestling with sponsoring church groups, city councils, FHA and various private interests to realize one major Colorado project — or dream, perhaps, as Mackie ads would have it. On July 18, the day before his nomination for Congress in 1958, ground was broken for 148 units of housing for the elderly. Evidence of the Johnson convictions had been scattered for anyone to see; among friends, even in the form of Christmas cards printed by the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

BY MONDAY, October 27, support for Johnson had begun to stir in the district. A wire from the American Association of University Professors in Fort Collins to both candidates stated that "deliberately questioning the patriotism and personal convictions of any man for cheap political purposes" is "reprehensible and obnoxious." A well-known district judge was quoted as calling Mackie "a trigger-happy kid," and newspapers, in news copy as well as editorials, began to question the propriety of the attack.

By nightfall of the 27th, the mood at Johnson headquarters changed perceptibly. Jangling telephones carried a new message, a new note of hope. Calls from Fort Collins, Limon, Wray and Holyoke, calls from a hundred people in the Denver suburbs, all indicated that the unexpected had begun to happen: Mackie's charges were backfiring. "Yeah, we got some money together out in the county; how about sending us some more ad mats we can put in the local paper?" "Look, we

just got up a new committee, veterans and a couple ministers. Can you send us about 5,000 pieces of literature to mail?" "This guy just walks in — he's a farmer out south of town — and plunks down twenty bucks. Do you want us to use it up here, or send it up to headquarters?" "I dunno, he just took off work and has been passing out Johnson stuff up and down town all day. Before? I don't think he ever knew the Democrats were around before."

BY mid-week, the mail had begun to pour in, hundreds of pieces. Some contained money, but most carried words of encouragement. By now the lines were busy again between the party pros: "These Germans and Swedes up here in Larimer and Weld counties aren't so sure of Mackie: looks like a saber-rattler." "One of the pollsters over around Windsor says there's a definite shift among those isolationist voters." "If we can just keep the veterans and wage workers around Denver from breaking away, we might lick this thing yet. How about the ministers? Will they help us out?"

On Wednesday, in the town of Loveland, fifty miles north of Denver, six ministers issued a statement of "firm conviction that neither pacifism nor militarism qualifies any man for holding public office." Reaction from the clergy, both in public and private, came from all over the district, and on Sunday, two days before the election, sermons in church after church were devoted to the subject. "It will be a tragic day in America," the Rev. Hyslop of the First Congregational Church of Greeley said that Sunday morning, "when any candidate is judged unfit for public office because of his sincere Christian convictions."

On Wednesday, the influential Greeley *Tribune* published an editorial entitled "Christian Principles No Disqualification." On Friday, the Littleton *Independent*, another paper of prestige, devoted a long editorial to "A Sincere Man." By this time, advertisements were appearing in every daily and weekly in the district, sponsored by Yuma, Lincoln, Arapahoe or Phillips County Citizens for Byron Johnson. A three-

column, fifteen-inch ad in the Boulder *Camera*, the largest daily in Mackie's own county, accused the home-town boy of "contempt for intelligence, contempt for those who disagree with him, and contempt for religious ideas."

On October 30, Elliott Roosevelt, a resident of Colorado for some years, raked over Mackie before an unprecedented crowd in the farm town of Crook. "Well, Mr. Mackie, your party nominated Mr. Herbert Hoover as President of the United States. He was a Quaker. . . ." In the last week of the campaign, Charles Brannan, former Secretary of Agriculture, spoke in Johnson's defense, as did U.S. Senator John Carroll, former Senator and Governor Edwin C. Johnson, Colorado Supreme Court Justice O. Otto Moore, Retired Brigadier General Hugh B. Hester, and President Edward Dahlberg of the National Council of Churches, who happened to be in Denver at the time. Coincidental gatherings of the Colorado Friends Service Committee and National Convention

delegates of the United Church Women, both in Denver in the last days of the campaign, focused wide attention on Johnson and the religious issue.

Finally, on Monday before the election, a committee of overseas veterans for Johnson published advertising in dailies over the district: "We have seen war," it related, "and know its terrible cost." And on election eve, using television time bought with last-minute contributions, four multiple Purple Heart veterans and the state's only civilian Congressional Medal of Honor winner appeared before the public on a pacifist's behalf.

By eleven o'clock election night it was clear that the improbable had come to pass: Johnson had won by almost 15,000 votes.

IN WHAT proportion the ingredients of victory were mixed can never be known. It was a Democratic year, no doubt about it. But here Republicans had weathered Democratic years before, or lost by smaller mar-

gins to Fred Cummings in the Roosevelt period. It was the year, too, of the "right to work" campaign in Colorado, which brought out unprecedented numbers of both union and non-union wage workers to vote "no." Most of these, undoubtedly, pulled Democratic levers in the ballot booths.

But it was more than that. It was a tough, resilient, feverishly enthusiastic organization of both professionals and amateurs that had too long been denied the fruit of their work. Johnson headquarters on election night saw men with tears in their eyes who had driven for that moment through four, five or six successive election years.

It is probable that Byron Johnson would have won without John Mackie's strategic mistake, perhaps by five to ten thousand. That the charges did not destroy him, however, is a seemingly miraculous sign that the public mood of doubt and fear that stifled non-conformity in the postwar decade has in part been dissipated.

HEADING INTO SPACE . . . *by Dan Wakefield*

IN THE RATHER conservative prediction of Samuel Eastman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, speaking at the thirteenth annual convention of the American Rocket Society, "The Space Age has something in store for everyone." Whether the "something" will mean a richer life for human beings, or the end of life for human beings, is an item not yet determined and not very popular as a topic for discussion at scientific gatherings. But the recent meeting of rocket-men in New York City dramatically displayed that, whatever may happen, our lives are now inextricably tied to events in outer space. As everyone knows, men will soon enter the world of space; as is less well known, the world of space has already entered the affairs of men.

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

How suddenly the Space Age has changed from a theoretical to a practical concern can be measured in one small way by the history of the American Rocket Society, an organization of scientists and engineers devoted to "the advancement of rocketry, jet propulsion and astronautics." Founded in the dim, space-unconscious year of 1930, the A.R.S. had a membership of just 1,000 as recently as 1952. Today it has more than 12,000 members, and claims to be "one of the most rapidly growing professional engineering societies in the United States." Its concerns reach not only to the moon, but into such earthly realms as state bar associations.

The multifarious reports of the A.R.S. convention on its more "down to earth" problems, in fact, were as startling as the stellar matters, for they indicated how deeply and quickly the events in outer

space have begun to affect us in a "practical" way.

"An immediate problem," said A.R.S. general counsel Andrew Haley in his talk on Space Law, "one indeed that has existed since the launching of the first Sputnik on October 4, 1957, is the control and regulation of the use of the radio spectrum for space purposes." The Sputnik used for its radio signals two frequencies which are also used by stations on earth. Mr. Haley said that we must very quickly set aside particular radio frequencies for astronautics use, since "there'll soon be 200 of them [earth satellites] and all that beeping will interfere with radio frequency." Another pressing problem, Mr. Haley said, is an international law for the control of re-entry of objects put into outer space. "They are a natural hazard to life and property on earth. We must have radio control of them or they are

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liable to fall on the Empire State Building or Buckingham Palace."

Many space laws to deal with these earthly problems must be created as soon as possible, and then, in the near future, even more comprehensive laws will be needed for man's activities in outer space. As Mr. Haley explained to the A.R.S.:

Initially, space vehicles will be owned by nations or groups of nations and extension of international regulation will be fought jealously. But gradually and inexorably traffic will increase, new propulsive systems will be found which will reduce the cost of construction and operation, commercial enterprise will demand access to space, emigration will commence, meteorite mining will become an industrial objective, and all the ancient problems of law will be reasserted under vastly more complicated circumstances.

But long before the day when Soviet spacemen will start collective mines on meteorites and perhaps be challenged by prospectors who have staked a claim for U.S. Steel (and will Dave McDonald send space picketers?; will Jimmy Hoffa claim jurisdiction over space pilots?), space law must face more imminent problems. For instance, will a satellite equipped with a camera have the right to photograph nations without their consent? To meet such a question as this, Mr. Eastman said that nations will have to determine to what extent the space above their national territories is the exclusive property of the national state below. "The basic problem," Mr. Eastman explained, is whether the space above a nation "is to be a free area open to all like the high seas; or whether there are to be zones which are partly free and partly owned by the states below."

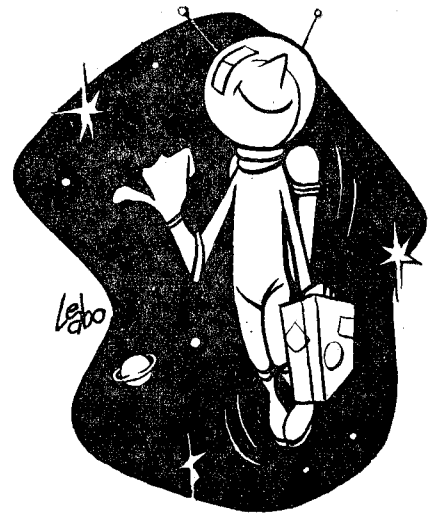
Already at work on such problems are the International Law Association, the American Bar Association, the Senior Judge Advocates of the U.S. Army, and the state bar associations of Michigan and New York. A separate Institute of Air and Space Law is now being planned at the University of Virginia; the University of Oklahoma is preparing a special Space Law library, and eight other U.S. law schools, including Harvard and Columbia, are giving

special attention to air and space laws.

But the earthly consequences of our advancements into space are not limited to space laws and regulations. As a result of discoveries with satellites and rockets, science is now exploring developments which will change the lives of even those among us Earthmen who do not choose to migrate to the moon. Methods for predicting and controlling weather, world-wide TV and radio hookups, devices to insure safer navigation, are all being worked on. And the methods which will make transportation to outer space a reality are also being developed to create commercial faster-than-sound transportation on earth.

Robert Cornog of Space Technology Laboratories, Inc., who spoke to the convention on "Some Economic Aspects of Hypersonic Flight," stated that within ten years it will be economically feasible to use, for commercial travel, planes which fly from six to twenty times the speed of sound. The use of these hypersonic planes will make it possible to travel from New York to California in half an hour; from New York to London in roughly an hour; and New York to Moscow in roughly two hours. The alteration such planes would make in our travel system would not be limited to time alone, but would also mean the use of fewer planes. Today the airlines provide an average of 4,000 seats each way every day for flights from coast to coast in America, and slightly less than 2,000 for flights between America and Europe. Assuming that each of the hypersonic planes made six round trips a day, providing thirty-three seats on each flight, only twenty planes would be needed for the trans-United States traffic, and another ten for European traffic.

NOT ONLY our transportation, but also our communications here on earth may soon be revolutionized. Sidney Metzger of RCA presented to the A.R.S. convention a detailed plan for an "Orbital Post Office" which would make use of a satellite for transmitting mail across the ocean. Mr. Metzger found that in 1957 there were 428 million letters



sent back and forth across the Atlantic, with an average weight of 110,000 pounds of mail a day. In the system developed by Mr. Metzger, no mail weight at all would be sent—yet all the letters would reach their destination.

The "Orbital Post Office" would depend on electronic sending stations in the United States and Europe which would mechanically "scan" the letters, transmit them into electronic code, and send them to the radio transmitter in a satellite, or group of satellites, over the Atlantic. The satellite transmitter would in turn send the message on to the continental receiving station, where it would be transmitted out of electronic code and onto paper. It may come as a relief to old-fashioned souls to know that at this point a human postman has to pick up the letters and deliver them.

IN HIS STUDY of the possibility of such a plan, Mr. Metzger found that it would be both technologically and economically feasible, and the greatest problem of realizing the orbital post office would be the question of public acceptance. The letters would have to be written on standard forms, similar to V-mail, and then opened and read by the men who transcribed them on the sending devices, and again by the men at the other end who transcribed them back onto paper. Mr. Metzger said that "the techniques called for in the ground and in the satellite equipment are within the present state of the art and can be implemented in

several years." But as for the matter of public acceptance, "The question of a standard letter form and of privacy must be investigated further."

AS SPACE technology more and more affects the affairs of human beings, human beings more and more affect the affairs of space technology. Along with such matters as magnetohydrodynamics and perchlorate propellants, "The Human Factor" is one of the major fields of study in outer-space planning. This is a relatively new development, for it was not until scientists began to plan space vehicles with compartments for men that they had to think seriously about the men who would go into the compartments. How quickly that time has come upon us was indicated in the announcement at one of the A.R.S. sessions that "proposals leading to the development of the first U.S. manned-satellite capsules are expected from industry by December 4."

A great deal of study is now being done about the "variables" of man in space flight, and man being the variable creature he is, the studies necessarily are concerned with both the physiological and psychological aspects of human survival in space. The cabins or "capsules" which have so far been developed were described by Otto Winzen of

Winzen Research, Inc., as "no more uncomfortable than a train roomette." This is still not exactly a luring prospect for the space pioneers, who will bear the considerable added disadvantages of not being able to smoke, not being able to look out the window, and not being able to get up and walk down the aisle (or at least not more than once).

A number of men have now survived such harrowing circumstances in tests conducted in simulated space compartments, and the reactions of one group were reported, in a talk on "Space Cabin Requirements as Seen by Subjects in the Cabin Simulator," by Willard Hawkins of the U.S.A.F. School of Aviation Medicine. The Space Medicine Division of the school has been experimenting now for two years with a space-cabin simulator of ninety-six cubic feet, half of which is taken up with equipment. They have held simulated "flights" of periods ranging from thirty-two hours to seven days, and many of the human responses have indicated the enormous trials that our first space explorers will face. It seems that one of the greatest threats of all will be boredom. As Captain Hawkins reported of the first forty-eight-hour flight subject:

Time began to weigh heavily for the subject early in the flight; and as time went on, it seems that op-

pressiveness of time increased in a ratio directly proportional to the duration of the flight. Intermittent periods of depression, similar to depressive moods which result from extreme monotony, have been routinely observed in all subjects at some time during their flight. . . . The clicking noise of the camera shutter that automatically took a picture of the subject every three minutes during the flight became a major source of irritation for one subject after ninety-two hours in the cabin. All the subjects enjoyed music during the work period, but soon found that their favorite recordings were highly irritating as they were repeated. One subject tried whistling as a substitute for music, but immediately found this difficult to do at a simulated altitude of 18,000 feet. This served only to irritate him further.

For all we know, experiments are going on at this very moment to try to find out how man can whistle in space, and they are perhaps as important as research in aerothermodynamics and electroencephalograms. For better or worse, we are heading into space, and we are taking with us all our old hopes and desires and troubles. If we thought we could leave them behind on earth we had better think again, for it looks like the first man who goes to the moon is going to be just as bored as the idle housewife, and not even able to whistle.

BERLIN CRISIS: Tactics and Strategy.. by Terence Prittie

Bonn, November 27

THE BONN Government is now certain that a diplomatic—if not physical—campaign against Berlin has begun. How will this campaign be waged, and for what purposes?

In the first place, practically nobody in Western Germany or in Berlin envisages a second, full-scale

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"Berlin blockade" of the 1947-48 type. There are various reasons for assuming this. The Western powers have been quick to show that they are ready to withstand a second blockade; they have the planes with which to organize a second air-lift, if necessary. West Berlin holds reserves of food and fuel sufficient for five or six months (in 1947, there were, practically speaking, no reserves at all). Furthermore, a full-scale blockade would deprive the East Germans of around 25 million marks a year (in hard currency) de-

rived from the autobahn and canal tolls which they now impose on "alien" traffic, and would lead to the suspension of an interzonal trade which brings valuable heavy industrial products into Eastern Germany from the Ruhr. Above all, a full-scale blockade would carry heavy risks of war and refute the whole Soviet program of "normalizing" conditions in Central Europe for the purpose of consolidating the status quo.

Both West German and Allied observers believe that what lies ahead in Berlin for the West is a "cam-

paing of pinpricks." This could start with the withdrawal of the Soviet representative from the four-power "Air Safety Center"—the only four-power organization which has functioned in recent years. An East German could simply be installed in the place of the Russian, and the Western powers would have the choice of dealing with him or leaving the complicated problems of aircraft-control over Berlin to solve themselves.

Control of the air between Berlin and the West is a major East German objective. In the last ten years, 1,150,000 East German refugees have been transported from West Berlin to Western Germany. This is roughly 40 per cent of the three million who have so far fled from East Germany. But since December, 1957, when severe internal travel restrictions were imposed in East Germany, the proportion escaping via West Berlin has risen to around 80 per cent. And these have included an ever-increasing proportion of technicians, doctors, teachers—the people who can least be spared by a state which is running short of manpower and which is especially intended to be the "workshop" of the Eastern bloc.

A second pinprick could take the form of the removal of Soviet officials from the check-points on the Berlin-Hanover autobahn, along which all the military and official traffic of the three Western powers must move. The installation of East German officials at these check-points—and on the railway stations

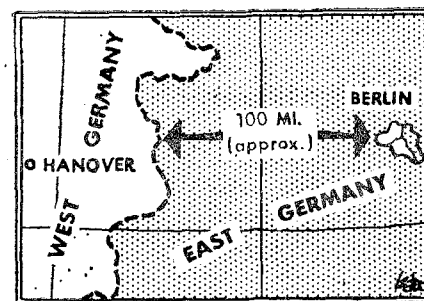
where Allied military trains are given clearance—would increase East German prestige, possibly force some kind of Western recognition of East German sovereignty and, in any event, weaken the Western position in Berlin psychologically.

AT THIS STAGE, possible explanations of the Khrushchev *démarche* begin to emerge. The immediate Soviet objectives seem clear enough. They include Western recognition, or part-recognition, of the East German Republic; the weakening of Western prestige; the choking-off of the flow of East German refugees through Berlin to the West; the morale-boosting of the Ulbricht-Grotewohl regime in Berlin-Pankow; the gradual strangling of West Berlin independence and its eventual inclusion in the East German state. So obvious are these objectives that the Western powers can prepare counteraction to each of them. Secretary Dulles could publicly and dramatically repeat Allied guarantees of Berlin's independence—perhaps in Berlin itself.

West Berlin's Lord Mayor, Willy Brandt, could reiterate the steadfast determination of the Berliners to stand on their rights. (With the crisis at its height, Berliners made saucy jokes about the situation to each other; housewives refused to be panicked into buying non-perishable foodstuffs and fuel; the exchange rate of East marks to West marks remained steady at 4.35 East to 1 West.)

Ultimately, the Western powers could continue flying out East German refugees without the permission of either a Soviet or East German air-safety officer. For it is scarcely thinkable that Khrushchev would risk World War III by creating an "incident" in one of the air corridors from Berlin to the West. Ultimately, too, the Western powers could talk to East Germans without recognizing the East German regime—although this might turn out to be the first step down a slippery diplomacy slope.

But all of this has to do with obvious, short-term objectives. What is Khrushchev's long-range goal—the strategy behind the tactics? For



one thing is certain: Soviet long-term planning is as much a feature of the current Berlin crisis as is the Soviet gift for improvised political maneuvering.

In this connection, one must survey Soviet policies in Germany since 1945 and out of the pattern, a great truth emerges. The Russians have been governed by two major lines of thought, each of which, at different times, has dominated Soviet policy. The first is unification: East Germany is a stepping-stone to the Ruhr and the immensely greater material wealth of the Bonn Republic. In this context, West Germany is a *point d'appui* for the extension of Soviet influence to the borders of France and the Low Countries. The alternative concept is of an East Germany whose destiny is simply that of a Communist puppet state, an integral part of the satellite bloc.

THE TWO policies have often run side by side without conflicting. But while Soviet readiness to take the bigger risk over Germany was evident in 1952 and again in 1955, the disciples of the lesser project—the consolidating of Germany as a member of the Communist bloc—have never ceased to work steadily towards their objective. The thoughts behind their labors have been that East Germany could become the most important industrial element in the whole Communist system; that its continued independent existence would guarantee the Oder-Neisse line with Poland and the finality of the ejection of three million Germans from the Czech Sudetenland; and that, once consolidated, it could still be used at a later date as a bastion from which to launch further political, economic and social pressure on Bonn.

But the biggest argument in favor



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of this concept is that only by keeping Germany divided can the satellite bloc be kept chained to the Soviet Union. For the Pole or Czech does not live who wants to see Germany reunified. At worst, reunification would mean to the smaller satellites the creation once again of a powerful and unpredictable neighbor; at best, it would mean a united Germany which would turn its face to the East, but would become a far more interesting factor than themselves to the Kremlin—and might

even lead to territorial adjustments at their expense.

Has Khrushchev already written off any prospect of German reunification? Is he today paying only lip service to the idea? This is the most cogent question deriving from the Berlin crisis. The terms which the Soviet Premier has already set for German reunification are impossibly high: full recognition of East Germany, indefinite postponement of free elections in the whole of Germany, the elimination of "Fascists

and militarists" from the Federal Republic, the military neutralization of Germany and (admittedly by inference only) the withdrawal of all American armed forces from the European continent. Does Khrushchev really think that these terms have any chance of success? Or were they always intended to make Western acceptance impossible, so that the satellite bloc can be consolidated and the Soviet Union can sit back for a decade before making the next move westward?

Finishing School for Executives . . by David Ray

In our issue of November 29, Andrew Hacker, in an article entitled "Learning to be a Tycoon," dealt with the graduate business schools and their attempt to make business executives out of college men. The following article deals with the reverse side of the coin — the currently fashionable attempt by many corporations to make college men out of business executives.

The author is on the faculty of Northern Illinois University. — Ed.

BIG BUSINESS is worried about one of its human products — executives. For years, large companies have been selecting their men on the basis of narrow technical skills, forcing them into a highly competitive environment, and thus shaping them into a progressively more rigid outlook. Now the companies find that these men lack the glamour for the top-echelon jobs. Their cultivation of aggression as a virtue shows; so does their primary devotion to money, rather than to the stated higher ideals of their companies. In short, after teaching them to think small, the companies suddenly want them to "think big." So they are throwing their men into university "executive-development" programs which stress the liberal arts.

A surprising number of campuses are cooperating to make the programs available. The University of Pennsylvania pioneered a schedule of courses in liberal arts for A.T.&T. in 1953-54, and variant programs for the same company have since been

set up at Swarthmore, Dartmouth, Williams and Northwestern. Courses similar in purpose have evolved independently at such places as Wabash, Pomona, Akron and Aspen. While differing widely in their approach and in the degree of commitment in time and effort by the student, they all emphasize the responsibility of the corporation in modern society and the need for the corporation leaders to behave with maturity, intelligence and grace. Publicized as ambitious "enrichment" courses, they serve primarily for the acquisition of what may be termed "executive style."

Defenders of the programs say that students are supposed to acquire from them "the imaginative comprehension which comes from understanding the whole condition of man," as well as a cultural perspective to "assist them to develop the capacity successfully to deal with those abstract ideas that illuminate and allow them more wisely to control the world in which they live" (from *Toward the Liberally Educated Executive*, published by the Fund for Adult Education). "But the mere reading of Plato's *Republic*," the same sources warn, "will not push up anyone's sales graph."

In most of the programs, which range in duration from two weeks to five years, a stupendous amount of "pure" culture is thrown at the students. Lectures on architecture

follow discussions of *Ulysses* and the *Pisan Cantos*. So far, measurement of the effects has been necessarily superficial. But champions of the idea already see important results: "... The men of affairs changed considerably. They have taken to buying books and building their own libraries; they are collecting classical records; they think about replacing 'wall-cover' with art in their homes; and they are more aware of the architectural clichés in American suburbs." It is also asserted that the programs "liberate" the students intellectually, and stimulate among them "a creeping discontent and loss of complacency." (Quotations from *Toward the Liberally Educated Executive*.) But it is the university administrators who seem to have the clearest idea of what is desired by the corporations they are servicing. As one administrator told me: "The corporations want an organization man whose basic values and loyalties will remain unchallenged, indeed even reinforced. But they want the stimulation of an unthreatening individualism — of an *appearance* of individualism, not any that would interfere, naturally, with the company."

AS MIGHT be expected, the views of uninvolved scholars differ from those of educators immersed in the problems of implementing the programs. "The Bell Company program at Northwestern," a disinterested

scholar remarked, "isn't very effective. For one thing, the men are all from one firm; there's no interaction among men from different companies. And the program is too short. What can you do in eight weeks?" The Northwestern administrators' reaction to such criticism is: "Those fellows want the sky." Both teachers and administrators connected with the programs feel that their work is misunderstood by the rest of the academic world; they are eager to defend the purity of their rapprochement with big business. They will not acknowledge that the demands of industry have in any way modified their conception of "liberal arts." They are particularly annoyed when their programs are described as a "gravy train."

Despite the denials, there is evidence that concessions are made in order to adapt the curricula to the company-minded men. At the worst, books like Alex Osborn's *Applied Imagination* are employed in courses on developing "creative imagination" by "group-ideation procedures," i.e., "brainstorming." (Typical exercises: "Name all possible uses for a common brick"; "If you had a son who was Communistically inclined, what would you do to straighten him out?") A graduate complained to me about the results of his training in "Creative Thinking" (such courses are now offered at Buffalo, Columbia, Drake, Northwestern, N. Y. U., and elsewhere): "Our company started brainstorming sessions. A guy'd come into a meeting where everybody was making \$12,000 or more and hold up a pencil and say 'What's a pencil good for?' One guy impressed everybody by saying you could hold up a window with a pencil. These men, some of the most valuable in the company, took up a couple of hours horsing around like that." The alumnus observed that any idea could be sold to his colleagues. He felt that ideas like "brainstorming" or "understanding the needs of your employees" resulted in almost religious conversions among the idea-hungry students, who rushed back to their companies, applying the concepts wildly. In a recent article in *Personnel*, Cris Argyris described the results of some misappli-

cations by executives of lessons they had learned. An executive who sought to impress upon his workers the importance of their individual contributions to the company succeeded only in stimulating worker discontent. "Doc," one employee said, "Don't rub it in. How would you like to be reminded that the most important thing you can do in life is to put four bolts in the right rear end of a car?"

THE MORE interesting of the programs have caught the attention of the independent Center for the Study of Liberal Education for Adults, a Chicago group financed by the Ford Foundation. The center serves as a consultant, makes modest grants-in-aid and publishes relevant writings. It is committed to the ideas that "the first orientation of a liberal education is toward man as man, not toward man as money-maker," and that "the meaning of liberal is, not bodies of knowledge and skill, but the process of . . . liberation from the bondage of an overly-narrow perspective on life [and the building of] strength to maintain individual autonomy against social pressures for conformity." The center tends to push the programs toward a "purer" approach to liberal arts; it encourages courses which place a value on the liberal arts *per se*. Peter Siegle, a center associate, has surveyed the whole field in *New Directions in Liberal Education for Executives*.

Of all the programs, the Bell Company's has received the most publicity; certainly it has exerted a great influence over independent experiments. Although liberal arts are taught "purely" in some Bell courses, a company spokesman states: "The humanities will help us solve a problem, and so we are using them . . . but not because they are a fine thing in themselves." The importance to Bell men of studying the humanities, according to this spokesman, is to encourage "statesmanship" in business, "to offset a tendency to over-conformity," and "to indicate the importance, impact and use of history, science, philosophy and the arts in the world today, particularly as they influence large groups of people, such as employees, customers

and stockholders" (*italics mine*). *Ulysses* and *Pisan Cantos*, the architecture of Paxton's Crystal Palace and of Frank Lloyd Wright, become part of these objectives. One teacher has remarked that the sum effect is that Bell men now add John Stuart Mill to their list of great men — a list previously composed exclusively of industry men such as Bell's president, Wilfred Gillen.

Bell's interest in the plan reflects a unique company problem. During the 1930s, Bell did little hiring; the men it hired during the 1940s now stand across a ten-year age-gap from the senior executives, most of whom are in their sixties. The company is suffering a shortage of men in their fifties who have the requisite sophistication for advancement to the senior posts. Thus, through its executive-development program, the company is trying to step up the wisdom-acquiring process of their junior executives, who are ten years too young for the jobs meant for them.

DESPITE THE shortcomings of the executive-development programs, do some students nevertheless experience a "liberating" effect? It depends, I suppose, on the student and how seriously he views the course. One anecdote concerns the student who took the program very seriously indeed. It induced him to question where his basic loyalties should lie: to the company, or to himself; to the company, or to his family; to money, or to self-expression. It is doubtful whether supporters of the program are looking for quite such a stupendous success for their brain-child.

"Poetry makes nothing happen," wrote Auden. Here are men who for years have been taught to devalue severely anything which does not "make something happen." That these men approach the humanities with even tentative respect is in itself a miracle. "We can't change a man fundamentally in eight weeks," they say at Northwestern, "but we can produce better men — as humanists and as company men."

Northwestern does put on an exciting show for the Bell students. For eight weeks they study architecture, (Continued on page 436)

BOOKS and the ARTS

Perry Miller's Thoreau

CONSCIOUSNESS IN CONCORD:

The Text of Thoreau's Hitherto "Lost Journal" (1840-1841). Notes and Commentary by Perry Miller. Houghton Mifflin Co. 243 pp. \$4.

Odell Shepard

THE FIRST, best and most important thing to say about this perplexing book is that it brings us a considerable mass of Thoreau's writing which has hitherto been accessible to few readers, and to them only under severe restrictions. Here are the contents of the third among the thirty-nine notebooks which, shortly before his death, Thoreau packed away in a box of his making and designated as his Journal.

Henry Thoreau was twenty-three years old when he wrote — between July 30, 1840, and January 22, 1841 — these seventeen thousand words. Considering that he was teaching school for a part of that time, and allowing for some distraction by a transient love affair, one sees that the young man was an industrious diarist. For what we have here is by no means a series of hastily jotted memoranda about external events, but the record, rather, of an earnest mind exploring its own inner space.

On the basis of the *Lost Journal* alone, one might hazard a guess that Henry Thoreau at twenty-three had already chosen a life work: to find out from day to day what Henry Thoreau was thinking and, indeed, what he essentially was, by exacting sentences of him. If anyone thinks this an idler's task let him try it himself, meanwhile keeping in mind Thoreau's journal entry for August 22, 1851:

Sentences which suggest far more than they say, which have an atmosphere about them, which do not merely report an old, but make a new impression; sentences which suggest as many things and are as durable as a Roman aqueduct. To frame these,

ODELL SHEPARD is the author of *Thoreau's Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* and *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals*. His life of Bronson Alcott, *Pedlar's Progress*, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

This essay is abridged, with permission, from the Emerson Society Quarterly, November, 1958.

that is the art of writing; sentences which are expensive, towards which so many volumes, so much life went; which lie like boulders on the page, up and down and across; which contain the seed of other sentences, not mere repetition but creation; which a man might sell his grounds and castles to build.

Manifestly, those words have been earned. Under the tone of exultation one hears the grind and groan of arduous toil. Henry Thoreau never pretended to be one of "the crowd of gentlemen who write with ease." If we ask what special kind of heroism he had in mind in *The Service*, there is this clear answer: "That of the writing-desk." Wherever else he might falter and fail he would there be sternly true, caught and held by "the fascination of what's difficult."

THE themes of the *Lost Journal* are miscellaneous, but there is a frequent return to the topics of heroism and music, closely related in Thoreau's mind as they are in the third book of Plato's *Republic*. Another favorite topic is the ancient and perennial concept of the microcosm which underlay his lifelong feeling that Concord was a sufficient miniature of the world. In numerous ways we are made aware that the diarist is a deeply happy man. Already he is reaching toward one of his most memorable utterances:

If the day and night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal — that is your success.

For our present purpose, the most significant passage in the *Lost Journal* is the one given on page 162 of *Consciousness in Concord*:

Prosperity is no field for heroism unless it endeavors to establish an independent and supernatural prosperity for itself. In the midst of din and tumult we hear the trumpet sound. Defeat is heaven's success. He cannot be said to succeed to whom the world shows any favor. In fact it is the hero's *point d'appui*, which by offering resistance to his action enables him to act at all. At each step he spurns the world. He vaults the

higher in proportion as he employs the greater resistance of the earth.

Now perhaps it will be agreed that there can be no more precise criterion of any man's character and career than that to be found in his theory, if he has one and we can get at it, of "success" and "failure." Here Thoreau tells us in good set terms what his theory was. We do well to recall this passage whenever it is asserted or implied that he was greatly downcast by some outward defeat and so took to crying "Sour grapes!" A good way to approach the present book is to read the passage thoughtfully through, perhaps several times, before turning to the Introduction.

IN THE ACT of introducing a hitherto unknown piece of writing by an author of established fame, a sensitive man will be aware of certain responsibilities. Realizing that most of his prospective readers are somewhat acquainted with the writer in question, he will try to provide them not so much with opinions as with information connecting this new matter with what they know. He will wish to be minutely accurate, honest, clear, consistent, self-effacing and brief. Simple courtesy and the code of editorial good manners will keep him in mind that this is not his book.

Professor Perry Miller of Harvard University seems to imply some awareness of these obligations when he says that "after all, our concern is, as far as possible, to read what Henry Thoreau wrote." His readers agree, with emphasis; but that statement stands, amusingly, not to say "amazingly," at the end of an Introduction three times as long as the document by Henry Thoreau which it ostensibly introduces. By the time a reader comes to it his "main concern" has already been ignored for 130 pages. Those pages are made to seem much longer and more numerous than they are, moreover, by frequent inaccuracies of statement, by assertions unproved and unprovable, by confusions and inconsistencies of thought, by the dragging-in of matters wholly adventitious, and by the use and abuse of violent language in a prose style habitually feeble, fumbling, slovenly and dull.

All this sums up to a considerable tedium, and it is with a corresponding sense of relief that one comes, in "Part II," to the "Journal" itself. But that feeling is short-lived. Almost at once there begins a drum-fire, a barrage, of

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footnotes, some of them useful and pertinent but too many others impertinent in both senses of the word. These run, by a rough estimate, to about one-third as many words as the text, and after them come the "Notes" proper, nearly three hundred in number. Six pages of really valuable "Notes on Textual Variants," and a three-page makeshift for an Index, round out what looks like a book — by Perry Miller, of course — which if not quite an *opus* is at least a well-padded *opusculum*. On the jacket we are informed that "this present study of Thoreau, which Mr. Miller modestly terms 'a commentary,' may well prove the most comprehensive and penetrating evaluation ever offered of the lonely consciousness in Concord."

AMONG several reasons for doubting that assertion, we may note first of all that Professor Miller is unable to decide about the nature of Thoreau's "Journal" as a whole, although he correctly sees it as the man's life work. On page 4 it is called "a deliberately constructed work of art," on page 6 "a deliberate accretion," on page 25 "a self-conscious effort to create a 'mythology,'" on page 27 "a highly schematized pattern of words," on page 30 "a self-portrait," on page 93 "a clinical study" of the "literary libido," on page 94 "a 'sublimation' of inhibited loves, a 'compensation' for a ghastly sense of inferiority, a neurotic defense against a fear of humiliation," on page 106 "a retreat before the ever-pressing assault," and on page 148 "a literary exercise." The reader is left to take his choice, but meanwhile he has an uneasy feeling that this editor does not really know what he is talking about.

The question of Thoreau's motives in writing the "Journal" proves equally baffling to the commentator. On page 31 we are told that it was "a contribution to the greatness he dreamed of, to the prestige which is in America the reward of success." Two pages farther on the commentator reaffirms that notion in louder tones, declaring that "this lover of Nature was not a lover of nature itself" and that he went to her for his metaphors with a purpose of exploiting natural resources "as self-centered, as profit-seeking, as that of any railroad-builder or lumber-baron, as that of any John Jacob Astor." It would seem, then, that he has made up his mind; but just here it should be observed that one of the several respects in which the commentator differs from Socrates is that he has two demons, only one of which prods him into vociferations like that just quoted. The second then admonishes him not to talk nonsense — or, if he

must, then always to balance a violent remark by its opposite. In this instance, the contrary opinion is intelligent. It runs thus: "Thoreau cherished a sneaking love for the activity [of journal-writing] itself, without regard to consequences or utility. . . . The real impetus of the 'Journal,' assuredly, even in these first years, is something quite other than the young writer's ambition to become somebody as famous as his patron." For a moment one is encouraged, but then on the following page the commentator returns to his utilitarian hypothesis. Once more, the reader must choose.

In sharp contrast with these mental tergiversations is the consistency of the professor's emotional conduct throughout this book. The prevailing tone of his commentary is the tone of contempt, varied now and then by patronizing commiseration. Always he sees to it that Thoreau gets "the dirty end of the stick." We do indeed find a few admissions that the imprisoned "egoist" of Concord wrote here and there a "great" passage, but no inference is drawn that he was on that account, or on any, a great man. In one way and another, most often by the help of a "snide" adverb or adjective, the debits are regularly made to cancel out the credits. Thus, as we have seen, the acknowledgment that Thoreau loved to write is poisoned by the word "sneaking."

In the notes and footnotes of *Consciousness in Concord*, Professor Miller doggedly continues the revelation of his own unconsciousness with regard to most things that make Henry Thoreau worthy of remembrance. Humorless himself, he never suspects that his man may, occasionally, be jesting. Himself unremarkable as an exemplar of certain Christian virtues, he brings the charge of "blas-

phemy" against a man whom Emerson called "a person of rare, tender, and absolute religion . . . incapable of any profanation." In accents of shrill self-assertion, he calls Thoreau "truculent," "arrogant" and "egoistic." In a ludicrously long-winded note meant to show that Thoreau had no musical knowledge or taste, he makes it quite clear that he himself has no faintest notion of what Thoreau meant by "music." He finds it pathetic that Thoreau invented "private names for two ordinary spots on the Sudbury River." The answer is, of course, that all "spots" are ordinary to ordinary men, and that Henry Thoreau was extraordinary, among other ways, in his feeling that every spot has its own *genius loci* — or, as he might have said, its *numen*, worthy of a *nomen*.

Alfred Kazin has said in a recent review that Professor Miller's study of Thoreau's "Journal" is more "systematic" and "passionate" than any other that he can recall. Whether he means that it is systematically passionate or passionately systematic does not appear, but in fact it is neither. Instead of system we find here a confusion steadily more confounded, and in place of passion we find spite. If one word can suggest the state of mind and nerves that produced this tumult of undisciplined thoughts and unbridled feelings, that word is the adjective "spastic."

It serves most occasions, but when the professor feels quite sure that he has caught his man *in flagrante delicto* — in the vulgar, that he has the goods on him — then his chronic spasm swiftly mounts into a paroxysm of indignation. A fair example of what he can do in this way is shown on page 119, where we are told that "Henry Thoreau — master of woodcraft — set fire to Concord woods and almost destroyed the town." Now, letting alone the question whether Thoreau was at the time, or ever, a "master of woodcraft," those words are calculated to suggest to the uninformed or unwary that the fire was deliberately set and that it did destroy most of the buildings in Concord. But the professor is certainly aware of the far less sensational truth, that by a really culpable carelessness Thoreau and a young comrade built a fire near the river on a windy day, a fire which caught in tall, dry grass, got away from them, burned perhaps a hundred acres of woodland and, if it had not been controlled by the fighters summoned by Thoreau, might have endangered the central village, which it did not in fact come near. Why, then, does the commentator choose words bound to give a false effect? Why does he suggest, quite gratuitously, that Thoreau may

At the Crossroad

Close
but far

strayed into the half-cultivated country
of meditation

woven into it wholly,
enlaced in the rare herbs of silence

another,
a lost stranger, our friend
asleep, perhaps nearly dead

Night-stir of silence
Water runs beyond summer its gutters

Rustle of wind, light.
Moonlight over it all

In the next field,
the May ass screaming
drunk on the new hay.

PAUL BLACKBURN

have had a sense of "glee" when he started to run for help? What meaning are we expected to derive from the statement that "his vice kept up with him" unless it be that Thoreau was a confirmed pyromaniac? Finally, what interpretation of any sort can be put upon the frenetic remark that, after six years, Thoreau was "internally compelled to vomit forth the cancer of his guilt"?

Apart from the fact that cancers are not quite so easily got rid of, that last statement is obviously unrelated to scholarship, to criticism, or to the duties of an editor introducing a literary text. It is a wildly emotional statement, and the emotion involved appears to be some queer, sour, sick kind of animosity — toward what or whom one does not care even to guess. At this point one reader, at least, ceases to take any interest in Professor Miller's opinion about Thoreau, and begins to watch his aberrations from common sense with an amusement often rising to hilarity.

RATHER early in Professor Miller's studies of Thoreau — and no implication is intended that they have been going on for very long — it probably occurred to the noisier of his two demons that an expeditious way of cutting this "bachelor of nature" down to size would be to cast doubt upon his sexual normality — perhaps even to impugn his "morality"! But the other one, the nay-sayer, with some notion of what the late Irving Babbitt meant by "inner check," didn't like this. He had seen that mode of manslaughter used so often in academic circles that it seemed to him trite and outworn. "And besides," the nay-sayer objected, always striving for at least a semblance of consistency, "how can we let the professor say on the one hand that Thoreau's 'Journal' is a 'literary exercise' and then go on to assert that it is a 'confession of lusts' not too artfully hidden? In addition, we have to remember that psychologizing by laymen is dangerous, and that even skilled analysts have made fools of themselves in trying to diagnose a work of art."

In this manner the debate continues from page 93 to page 95 of *Consciousness in Concord*, producing a hurricane of mixed metaphors and *non sequiturs* unsurpassed in this turbulent book. But the outcome is never in doubt. Demon A insists, and Demon B cannot deny, that here is good pay-dirt. Eventually they agree, braving the chance that he may make a fool of himself, to let the professor "probe below the topsoil of the 'Journal'" and so get at its "literary libido . . . related to some more biological or psychic neurosis." This jargon is

Storm and After

The winds that winnowed the rain are spent

And soft sprays fall like chaff
From restless clouds that lumber
Where twisted light blades flashed;
And where the lithe sly greeneyed
ebony cat

Paused on the quick green sea
Taut with fear of the whooping
Of the wanton willow tree—
(For the willow waxes merry
When the winds with maddened glee
Wrap round her with their airy arms
And shake her tresses free)—
There—where the black back stiffened
A restless quiet strains
While searching the ground for fallen
fruit

The silent blackbirds range.

LEAH ROTHBERG

meant to indicate that we have now entered a scientific "frame of reference," and that the "Journal," previously called "a work of art" and "an oratorio," is to be considered as a "clinical study."

Yet the second demon's, counsel of caution is heeded for a time. There is something of Iago's technique in the professor's gradual approach, by one little poisonous innuendo and another and another, to his final statement — for once most carefully muffled and modified — of the charge he means to convey. He begins with two or three comparatively sensible pages about friendship as it was experienced and expressed by certain members of the Transcendental group. Then he says, on page 88, that within this group "love and friendship are interchangeable terms," the truth being that there, as everywhere, they overlap. Having introduced "love" he is ready for "lust," and can soon assert that "the Transcendental fellowship . . . found in their idealization of friendship an escape analogous to that which the younger romantics of France found in sexual promiscuity." Now the approach is nearly complete, and the next thing we hear comes in the raucous voice of the first demon: "With Thoreau a luxuriating in friendship and in its inadequacies becomes simply monstrous."

If another quite amateurish psychologist may cut in at this point, he would like to say that the professor's paroxysms somewhat resemble the flight of a space-rocket. His fueled fancy leaves the launching-pad of common sense when triggered by some such phrase of its own as that quoted just above, and thereafter it is propelled on its way by a series of internal explosions until it

has quite out-flown the pull of the facts and begins to gyrate on its own momentum. An interesting thing to watch in these performances is the way they are arranged in steadily mounting crescendos of denunciation. Thus, shortly after the "simply monstrous" charge, we are told that at the root of these Transcendental tantrums "there is something terribly black, something devouring." What this horror is we are supposed to guess from Thoreau's poem called *Sympathy* and its opening line, "Lately, alas, I knew a gentle boy." Lest we should miss the point even there, we are provided with this clue: "Only within recent years have studies had the courage to call attention to the androgynous character of Thoreau's monomaniac discussions of friendship."

That sentence is obviously the product of Professor Miller's two demons working in concert. As ugly in sound as it is venomous in purpose, it must be regarded as a masterpiece in the art of calling a man a sexual pervert without taking responsibility for the assertion.

"Studies" of recent years turn out to be two unpublished dissertations, neither of which Professor Miller has read. He has, however, seen digests of them, from one of which he culls the affirmation that in the "Friendship" section of the *Week*, Thoreau displays "an unconscious homoerotic orientation."

ALMOST as though he doubted whether half a sentence from an academic exercise would carry conviction with other people, Professor Miller calls the sonnets of Shakespeare to his aid, feeling sure that all literate persons will know what they are about. All the Transcendentalists knew, he declares, and were worried by their knowledge; but one doubts both statements and denies their relevance. Indeed, the argument for a "homoerotic orientation" rather peters out toward the end, perhaps because of a slow start.

Yet the professor has other, and even more courageous, charges to make regarding the "literary libido" of his intended victim. Like a faithful and well-trained smut-hound, he noses out the familiar passage in the "Journal" for 1856 where Thoreau praises "the dear wholesome color of shrub-oak leaves, so clean and firm . . ." and where he says "I love and could embrace the shrub oak with its scanty garment of leaves rising above the snow, lowly whispering to me, akin to winter thoughts, and sunsets, and to all virtue." But to Professor Miller this "obsession," as he calls it, is exceedingly close, akin to vice, and he likens it to what another man would feel in finding himself "surprised by an ir-

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resistible desire for a neighbor's wife." Here he "divines something of the libertine whom Thoreau hid behind what Emerson miscalled his 'Stoic' exterior," for "again and again in these spasms," he tells us (page 205), "the language becomes highly erotic."

Professor Miller on the topic of "spasms"! This is probably the most hilarious passage in his book.

So now we have Thoreau charged with being a lover of trees — or, to make it sound more scientific, more depraved, more "terribly black and devouring," let us call this vice of his "dendrophily." And one fears that the charge will "stick." Thoreau himself would plead guilty. Perhaps that is the reason why the pure-minded Commissioners of Middlesex County are rooting out the trees that stand near the site of Thoreau's cabin, meaning to put a public bathhouse in their place. [See "Walden on Trial" by Truman Nelson. *The Nation*, July 19, 1958.] But let them have a care, for Professor Miller points out on page 198 that this amazingly and miscellaneously libidinous young man had still another erotic obsession, a perversion even more *recherché*, which one fears must be called "lacustrine." He was, to be "frank," in love with Walden

Pond! The evidence is overwhelming, and our commentator contents himself with citing what seems a minor example, namely that in "A Winter's Walk" Thoreau "concealed the name of the Pond as a poet might conceal the name of his mistress."

(Query: — Should not Walden Pond be drained, to make room for a parking lot?)

But we can't stop there. Once we fall into this way of thinking, dark suspicions crowd in from every side. What was the real "low down" of Thoreau's relations with a loon on the Pond, of his long interview with a woodchuck, of his intimacies with the mouse that ate from his fingers? Precisely what kind of obsession was it that drew or drove him on, like Prince Charming in quest of Sleeping Beauty, until he discovered, hidden in a thicket across the Assabet, the *Azalea Nudiflora* — what a suggestive name! — herself?

ALL the foregoing is meant to bear exclusively upon the editor of the book in hand. The shocking difference between his work and that of the Perry Miller who, some twenty years ago, produced *The New England Mind*, is nothing to the present purpose.

tialism really is. While academic philosophers and scientists are busy reducing the personal self to a cluster of sensations or a quantity of measurable agitation, real people are living their lives in dramatic opposition to all of these theoretical systems, living them at the boundaries of human concern, in fear and trembling, in a world which is more radically contingent than it has ever before been recognized to be, and which troubles them as it troubles those who are trying to describe this new awareness of existence. Mr. Barrett reminds us of Max Scheler's words, "Our time is the first in which man has become thoroughly and completely problematic to himself." Here is the immediate evidence which should be the starting point for any philosophy which presumes to speak to or to talk about living people, and when philosophers fail to acknowledge this evidence the task must be carried forward by others. As Mr. Barrett argues so persuasively, the fact that poets, novelists and artists have done this without any theoretical motive makes their testimony that much more impressive.

THE writings of the Existentialist philosophers resist summary in two ways. Their phenomenological or descriptive method produces a work which suffers, in abridgment, as a novel would. And the technical vocabulary, representing an effort to avoid the abstractness both of ordinary words and traditional philosophical terms, is a formidable barrier for the common reader. Mr. Barrett overcomes both of these obstacles in his chapters on Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Heidegger and Sartre. In a lively prose style equaled by few contemporary philosophers, Mr. Barrett manages to be at once clear and exciting. These chapters should make his readers impatient to explore Existentialist literature for themselves.

When he moves from the present age to a sweeping destructive criticism of the whole range of Western philosophy, he is no less interesting but much less persuasive. Existentialists, granted that they have had considerable provocation, seem to find consolation only in the most radical extremes. The central problem of philosophy, Mr. Barrett argues, is the problem of essence and existence. The history of philosophy, until the advent of Existentialism, is a continuous effort to reduce existence (the concrete act of being—known in personal encounter) to essence (an idea, a concept, or abstraction—known by the theoretical reason). Even with the support of Gilson's *Being and Some Philosophers*,

In Defense of Existence

IRRATIONAL MAN. By William Barrett. Doubleday & Co. 278 pp. \$5.

Robert Jordan

THAT the problem of human existence must be the ultimate concern of philosophers is a thesis which, apparently, no philosopher would seriously question. Yet it is Mr. Barrett's contention that the concrete, contingent, personal act of existence, with its tension, its conflict and its mystery, has been persistently and tragically ignored in most of the systems of Western philosophy, and never more so than by the Anglo-American philosophers in the tradition of empiricism, positivism and linguistic analysis. Disinherited without knowing it, contemporary philosophers have invented, and have offered as a model, an image of man so grotesquely oversimplified as to be the merest caricature of the human person. From the academies has come a cure for human problems which, in reality, is the sickness unto death. Instead of speaking to the

existing person, modern rationalism, like its earlier counterparts, has subsumed him under an idea, a concept, or a theory—disregarding his freedom, robbing him of his singularity, and reducing him to a mere thing, an object, a cipher.

Alone in their protest against this deformation, the Existentialist philosophers are still being regarded, especially by Americans, as eccentric Bohemians who have nothing significant to say to serious philosophers, psychologists or anthropologists. Thus the most exciting and important development in contemporary European philosophy is identified with a few plays and essays of Sartre and dismissed without a hearing. Mr. Barrett's book is not only a critique of modern rationalism but an introduction to the range of Existentialist philosophy and a spirited defense of its methods and its conclusions.

Mr. Barrett is at his best when he is describing the contemporary scene. He brings to his exposition of the parallels between philosophy and the work of writers and artists a sensitive understanding and a sympathetic heart. The effect is to show how remarkably widespread the phenomenon called Existen-

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which presents a similar thesis but finds the answer in Thomism rather than in contemporary Existentialism, this argument is not convincing.

Whatever plausibility it might have depends upon whether one shares with Kierkegaard the conviction that "Hegel was simply the spokesman for the whole tradition of Western philosophy." Thus, to dispose of Plato, for whom philosophy was, as Mr. Barrett admits, "a passionate way of life," as an "essentialist," is to read the myth of the *Phaedrus*, and the whole of the *Sophist* and the *Parmenides* through the eyes of Hegel. There is no compelling reason why anyone should read the history of philosophy in this way. But to suggest that, for Augustine, evil is, of all things, unreal, and then further to ignore the existential, though not Existentialist, riches of the Augustinian tradition, is simply perverse. For the philosophers in the Platonic-Augustinian tradition, reason is never theoretical reason alone, but reason on fire with a love of being.

These are merely illustrations of a pervasive tendency in Existentialist criticism. The rationalism of the "essentialists" is not as purely rational, nor is the irrationalism of the Existentialists as purely irrational, as Mr. Barrett suggests. But this is an issue which he never clearly resolves. He seems unable finally to decide whether the Existentialists are attacking reason or merely theoretical

abstractness. Therefore, he fails to make it clear whether traditional philosophy is to be modified and given new dimensions by Existentialism or abandoned entirely. But this decision is crucial. It cannot be left in suspense.

Leaving it in suspense, in his concluding and very unscientific postscript, Mr. Barrett can only abandon us to the Furies. In that event, there will be no philosophy whatever, either essentialist or Existentialist. Presumably, the Existentialist, like the poet, has had a vision which he *must* express. But that which we *must* speak, must be speakable. An undiscussable philosophy is not philosophy. It is not anything at all.

Joyce at School

JOYCE AMONG THE JESUITS. By Kevin Sullivan. Columbia University Press. 259 pp. \$5.

Donat O'Donnell

"THE LITERATURE on Joyce," writes Mr. Sullivan, "is mountainous . . . but in all that cloud-topped critical landscape I found few certain landmarks. . . . It was a landscape, too, haunted by the Joyce myth, an amorphous shadow with a distressing tendency to materialize as Stephen Dedalus and sounding, from a distance, very like Herbert Gorman. I

determined then [to] skirt the heights of criticism, and follow the humble road of pedestrian fact."

The part of Joyce's road which Mr. Sullivan follows here is that of his education, by the Jesuit Fathers at Clongowes Wood College and Belvedere College and under Jesuit influence at University College, Dublin. Mr. Sullivan, in his research, has used materials not used before — school account books, examination records, minutes of school and college societies and much else — and has talked with Dubliners who knew Joyce, or thought they did. He handles these materials with tact and good sense, and a wish to be fair both to the Jesuits and to Joyce. His careful and well-written account of Joyce's educational background will be used, and can be relied on, by any future biographer of Joyce. Such factual errors as this reviewer has been able to detect are of a trivial character, or of little relevance to the central theme. There is no distortion from a desire to prove a thesis.

THE picture that emerges of the young Joyce is one that will be more familiar to Dubliners acquainted with the oral tradition than to students of the literature. Though Joyce was perhaps always, in some profound sense, Stephen Dedalus, he certainly did not consistently behave as he made Stephen behave. Nor was he on the whole rejected by his contemporaries; most of them liked him and always continued to like him. To their memory he remained a brilliant, unpredictable, witty person, who used to hold forth in debating societies, write for student magazines, mimic his teachers and act in charades — a figure quite unlike the aloof and superior Dedalus, with whom Mr. Gorman tended to identify him.

As regards the actual impact of Jesuit teaching on the young Joyce, Mr. Sullivan leaves the reader generally to reach his own conclusions. We are shown with much interesting detail what the Jesuits were teaching, and how they taught it, in Joyce's day. We are shown also that, as we might expect, Joyce seems to have accepted Jesuit teaching, even with some enthusiasm, through most of his school career, though he rejected it afterwards. But whether either the acceptance or the rejection had any really important specific connection with Jesuit education (as distinct from the general Irish Catholic background) is another matter. Mr. Sullivan makes the

DONAT O'DONNELL is the author of *Maria Cross, a study of a group of French and English Catholic writers.*

Purity

Ah, purity.
And the purists,
Talking,
Talking of hearts that are pure
And an art that is pure
And an earth that is not at the moment but should be
Some day
Pure.
Talking, talking,
Talking in what would appear to be total ignorance
Of the following simple, pure fact about purity: purity
Is as rare in its purest state
As the absolute vacuum
Of which the physicist speaks in his classroom when somebody
Knowing too much suggests that all falling bodies
Do not fall equally fast.
"But they would," the physicist says, "they would if you took
All the air away."

All the air away?
Who would take all the air away? Is there anyone,
Anyone present, anyone living,
Who would make such an issue of purity that he'd take
All the air away?
I must meet him.
I must shake his pure white hand and say to him, "Blast!
If you take all the air away you'll fall equally fast."

REED WHITEMORE

stimulating suggestion that Joyce's removal from the socially "U" Clongowes Wood to the socially "non-U" Belvedere may have "secreted a broken grain of pride that, lodged deep in the dark of the boy's soul, began thus early its slow and magnificent irritation." The speculation is an interesting one, allied to a more general thesis, proposed by Mr. Niall Montgomery, that Joyce, being a snob, left the Church because Irish Catholics were lower-class. These theories are agreeable, if only as examples of inverted Marxism, but it is possible to think of other motives for Joyce's decision — for example, the dislike which an exceptionally intelligent man would feel for being told what to think by men whom he regarded as less intelligent than himself. Joyce would certainly have included in that category, though without rancor, those Irish Jesuits to whom he owed so much of his education.

Spirit of Place

MEXICO: Prehispanic Paintings, Volume XI of UNESCO World Art Series. By Jacques Soustelle and Ignacio Bernal. New York Graphic Society. \$18.

Kenneth Rexroth

IN 1946 Giles G. Healy was making a documentary for the United Fruit Company in southeastern Mexico — the subject: "The Maya Through the Ages." The Indians in the region are the only tribe of Maya which has never been Christianized. After Healy had gained their confidence they showed him their most priceless treasure, "The Colored Walls." It was a small building, overgrown with the jungle and in partial ruin, but inside were three rooms more or less intact and covered with frescoes depicting the daily life of the ancient Maya. Almost by accident Healy had made one of the most important discoveries in pre-Columbian archaeology, and found the largest and by far the most informative paintings surviving from any Indian peoples in the Western Hemisphere.

Since then a Mexican, and later an American, expedition has visited the site, but until now no satisfactory reproductions of the paintings have been available to the general public. Last year the Mexican Government and UNESCO organized an expedition equipped to

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take color photographs under the apparently exceedingly trying conditions at the site, now called Bonampak. This book is the result, and it is certainly all that one could ask. The previous artists' copies turn out to be, if anything, toned down a little, the preservation of the brilliant colors under a thin coating of lime is astonishing. Diego Rivera was right. The Mayans did paint in true fresco, on wet plaster, and these paintings are far better preserved than many from our own Renaissance.

FURTHERMORE, although the great school of Mexican muralists, Orozco, Rivera, Sequeros and the rest actually formed their styles before anything much was known about Mexican Indian painting, the Bonampak murals are amazingly like the "School of Mexico." In color, organization, and especially in a specific feeling about life which gives each civilization its immediately recognizable style of painting, so that we never confuse

even a detail — say an Egyptian or Roman pair of ducks with a couple from the Sung Dynasty — these paintings are Mexican, and they are Mexican in the same way that Orozco is Mexican, although Orozco is infinitely more humane. I have always cast a leery eye on theories of *Folkgeist* and similar spooks that haunt the philosophy of history. But here in Bonampak, confounding the rationalists, is a continuity in the blood stream of a civilization. It is patent, it demonstrates itself and needs no argument, and yet the historical discontinuity in Mexico, if one were to judge only the public face of the society, is almost as great as that which separates the Egypt of the Pyramids from that of the Aswan Dam. Such considerations aside, the book is a joy just as a splendid art book, the text is illuminating and judicious, the black and white illustrations of sculpture and architecture are fine and serve to give the paintings the setting they need.

LETTER from TOKYO

Donald Richie

JAPAN is experiencing the worst crime wave in its entire history: more major crimes are committed than ever before (more than 22,000 between January and May, with assaults resulting in injury leading at almost 9,000), and there has been a vast increase in both number of gangs and number of gang members. In addition, though the national police forces are doing their best, there is definite feeling that their best is not enough.

As one might expect in a society where there is a place for everyone and everyone has his place, very little crime is committed by those outside the organizations devoted to it. The problem is that these organizations have grown so rapidly in number and membership during this past year. In 1957 there were only 3,000 known gangs in Japan, comprising some 37,000 persons; this year there are nearer 5,000, and the membership is up to almost 54,000.

The police are quite worried now that things have reached the point where even Prime Minister Kishi has shown official interest (after the sensational shooting last summer of a leading Tokyo financier), and one of the results has been a special police detail of eighty men and five mobile squads of nearly 200 set to prowl the most infested areas: the amusement districts of Tokyo — Shinjuku, Shibuya and Ikebukuro. Even so,

these measures have obviously been insufficient.

Crime is so well organized in Japan (the structure of Murder, Incorporated, seems dangerously lax by comparison) that it is almost impossible to catch anyone but those in the very outer fringes. Theoretically the main power lies in the hands of the big-time racketeers, the so-called *yakuza*, whose traditions can be traced to the eighth century. These are the landed gentry of the underworld; they traditionally argue only among themselves and leave the man-on-the-street alone. The deadliest insult they know is police interference, with the implication that they don't understand their own business.

Mainly postwar phenomena are the lower echelons, the tough *gurentai* who act as henchmen, and the very young *chimpira*, glorified errand-boys but of a variety the press invariably terms "vicious." It is these who are worrying the police and frightening the citizenry. The reason is that the *yakuza* has be-

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hind him a long tradition of somewhat Robin-Hoodish chivalry. He prides himself upon living up to obligations, upon loyalty and honesty. Both the *gurentai* and the *chimpira* are without this background and tradition.

This would not matter so much if the barons still held sway, but the hierarchy of the underworld has become more and more theoretical. The *yakuza* are dying off (many are quite old now) and without a feudal basis which accounted for the former glory, the underlings, to whom the power is passing, are growing up unprincipled, selfish and entirely without chivalric gallantry. The entire social structure of the demi-monde is crumbling and it is this which is causing the trouble: when the *yakuza* was still in full power there were no crime waves.

THINGS have come to the pass that police are often unable to act because the victim refuses to make a complaint. Recently, for example, the Toho Motion Picture Company did some location work in Kawasaki, near Yokohama. The local gang demanded "consolation" money for "violating their territory" and the studios refused to press charges, knowing full well that unfortunate things sometimes happen to people who do. Toho was surprised at the fuss their refusal caused, saying that this was the usual thing. And, indeed, one can visit any location site (and fully half of all Japanese films are made on location) and find *chimpira* restraining the crowds and *gurentai* directing traffic: services performed at exorbitant rates by employees who cannot conveniently be dismissed.

This is just one indication of the power of the underworld in Tokyo. There are many more. Usually members get their money from intimidation (several *chimpira* holding up a couple in an alley or a high-powered *gurentai* group getting Tokyo's biggest cabaret to hire "doormen"); from prostitutes (now that prostitution is illegal); from dope, or from out-and-out robbery. In Shinjuku, alone, conditions became so bad (or, at least, newspapers painted them in so lurid a light) that this busiest of all Tokyo's business districts began to find itself losing out left and right: customers stayed away and protection-money rates hit an all-time high.

It was perhaps this fact, plus the arrogance of the *gurentai*, that finally aroused municipal wrath. No one likes to lose money, particularly in Japan where it is so hard to come by, but one dislikes it even more when the extortioners saunter the streets plainly labeled as such. Last summer, gang members be-

gan wearing a distinctive summer uniform.

It is nothing new, of course, for occupational costumes to be worn: the Japanese love to dress up. There is the costume for strikers (towel around head to denote determination); the hiking suit (heavy cleated shoes, pack, and ski hat, even if the excursion is only a picnic at a nearby hill); the juvenile delinquent outfit (pegged pants, suede shoes, bangs, tam and slave bracelet); and many others. The gangster suit, however, was new. It was also singularly unattractive, consisting of something that looked like a pajama top (worn over trousers), collarless and dirty gray. These were worn with impunity all summer long; the winter fashion has as yet not appeared.

The outraged merchants pulled strings and eventually the city government decided upon a solution, one preventative rather than remedial: the best way to limit criminal activities was to prevent new recruits from entering. Toward this end Shinjuku initiated a curfew. At precisely ten every evening a newly-installed set of chimes on top of a department store carols out an air appropriately named "Hope," which is the signal for all under eighteen to return home. At the same time Mitsukoshi Department Store unfurled great sanguine banners reading: It Is Safe to Come to Shinjuku Again!

The main effort, however, has been reserved for the all-night coffee shops, long singled out as probable dens of iniquity. Justice Minister Kiichi Aichi went on record as saying that these places where young men and women spend the night "freely" for about fifty cents should be "outlawed." The *Asahi* noted that "some of the establishments have small rooms with locks on the doors," and added that "police say the coffee shops are used by hoodlums, juvenile delinquents, and dope peddlers, and are frequented by young people for immoral purposes." The *Japan Times* editorialized: "Tearoom or coffee shop are of course euphemisms . . . what they happen to sell over the counter seems to make little difference. The important thing is the atmosphere and clientele these dens cater to."

Certainly, the all-night coffee shops have become popular. Last year there were only some 800 and there are now almost 7,000. Even far Hokkaido has some 400 and the *Tokyo Shimbun*, in complaining that they "are breaking out like a rash over the country," said that the only parts yet immune are Shikoku and Chugoku, the Arkansas and Idaho of Japan.

Yet many people feel that all this interest in coffee shops will solve no problems whatever and that, further, these all-night establishments are serving a useful social function. Tokyo, the largest city in the world, rolls up its sidewalks before midnight and there is literally no place else to go. As one letter-to-the-editor said: "All-night coffee shops are perhaps the only public places where young people may be by themselves in any halfway normal fashion. . . . I have sat in many coffee shops (where else can one go to relax in Japan, unless to bed?) and have as yet seen nothing resembling delinquency, juvenile or otherwise."

Still, the forces of law and order, having found an object, are not about to relinquish it. In a way, Japan is the most puritanical country on earth and there is a definite feeling that staying up late, much less all night, is bad; going to bed early, getting up and working hard is virtuous. At any rate the hue and cry is on.

RECENTLY nine women legislators visited the Shinjuku coffee shops and stayed until dawn. In the morning they pledged to fight for passage of a proposed bill banning such places. Two were photographed knitting their brows over boy-and-girl couples. The press enjoyed the joke but, still, it was women legislators who pulled the greatest *coup* in Japanese social history by getting prostitution banned.

Already forces are being mobilized. A special session of the Metropolitan Assembly has been called during which a "Regulation for the Protection of Youth in Metropolitan Areas" is up for discussion. The many critics of the bill interpret it "as putting the stress on banning youngsters from the all-night establishments rather than putting direct control over vice-engendering establishments themselves" but, as yet, few have pointed to the fact that any connection between the lawless gangs and the coffee shops is tenuous indeed.

It is yet to be proved that gangsters and hoodlums use the coffee shops at all and the feeling is strong that they don't even like coffee. They have many more interesting places to go after hours. And so, while lady legislators and an augmented police force stalk unwary coffee shops, the *chimpira* and the *gurentai* walk the streets unmolested, trying to decide just what the winter style shall be. Each morning the newspapers carry new outrages and public opinion is fast becoming scandalized: a serious situation exists and very little is being done to remedy it.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

CARNEGIE HALL has been host to a number of exciting events recently, foremost among them a concert by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under William Steinberg, in which the *Variazioni Concertanti* by Nikolai Lopatnikoff was given its New York premiere.

Lopatnikoff is a composer whose music is far too seldom heard in this city. If one were to place him in a stylistic pigeonhole, it might be tentatively that of a neo-classicist. In the sense that his workmanship is immaculate, his attention to formal structure complete, his textures occasionally enlivened by motoric rhythms, that would be accurate. A useful sub-label, however, would be "internationalist," for his music reflects a particular international background: that of a Russian-born, German-trained, American composer. His basic materials are often percussive and angular, which is characteristic of good contemporary Russian musical thinking. These are handled, always, with emphasis on thematic structuring, which is typical of Germanic music. But a kind of free-ranging imaginativeness, now beginning to show itself as an American musical characteristic, has also entered into Lopatnikoff's work. This was particularly noticeable in the *Variazioni Concertanti*, and because of it, I have a feeling that the composer has begun a new and particularly vivid period in his creative life.

Little Oranges

(From the Spanish of Lope de Vega)

Christmas: and Valencia:
this girl throws little oranges
at me; I swear that if I threw them back
they'd melt again to blossom.

Went to a ball
and stood at her window;
she came out, the morning,
eyes were all sun . . .
little oranges
she threw to drive me wild;
she's ignorant of love,
she thinks it's all a joke—
I swear that if I threw them back
they'd melt again to blossom.

Christmas: and Valencia:
this girl throws little oranges
at me; I swear that if I threw them back
they'd melt again to blossom.

GILBERT SORRENTINO

December 6, 1958

One of the most striking aspects of the *Variazioni* was the manner in which Lopatnikoff had taken a theme of the starkest mien, passed it through a sort of massive kaleidoscope, and shaped the resultant fragments into a series of big, asymmetrical sections which, in their totality, were functioning parts of a larger, organic design. That was no easy accomplishment. It is the nature of the variation form to become shapeless and sequential, a string of disconnected comments upon a given subject. To retain the principle of variation and, at the same time, to create an expansive organic form possessed of original and telling internal balances, is in a sense to have your cake and eat it too. It is a job of which few composers are capable, and the fact that Lopatnikoff managed it is an indication that his thinking was running more along grand symphonic lines than in the restricted, Concerto-Barocco pattern which characterizes the pure neo-classicist. Of orchestral brilliance, vigor and intelligence, the *Variazioni* had plenty, as do all of Lopatnikoff's major works. In addition, however, the final sections carried an unusually intense burden of expressivity — a kind of monumental soberness which constitutes a new element in the composer's language. It is, in part, the presence of this fresh, psychologically forceful element, that leads me to think Lopatnikoff has gathered together his mature powers and stepped into a new period.

As for Steinberg's performance of the *Variazioni*, it was little short of virtuoso. I did not feel that he caught the exact tempi for the work's beginning, nor that he emphasized the expressive elements toward its end as much as he might have. But these were minor miscalculations. As for his reading of the Beethoven *Eroica* Symphony, it was everywhere thoughtful and polished. Ravel's *Bolero*, which concluded the concert, gave off a positive air of hashish.

ON THE following evening, the American Opera Society revived its special production of the Handel opera, *Giulio Cesare*, and it proved to be one of the most dazzling events thus far in the season. Just to read the cast of singers was enough to make a person run out and buy a ticket, so I was not at all surprised to find, on arrival, that Carnegie Hall was full to the brim. The

soprano, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, appearing in her New York operatic debut, sang the role of Cleopatra; Maureen Forrester, similarly a debutante, was Cornelia. Cesare Siepi appeared as Caesar; Ezio Flagello as Ptolemy; Russell Oberlin as Sextus. Recitatives were sung by Robert McFerrin and accompanied at the harpsichord by Robert Conant; while Arnold Gamson, the Society's young, permanent conductor, was on the podium.

What the American Opera Society did, in effect, was to re-create *Giulio*

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Cesare in a form dramatically acceptable to present-day audiences. The sequence of Italian arias was changed, so as to make a dramatic continuity. New recitatives were written, in English, and superimposed upon the harmonic structure of the originals to carry forward the story. The result was drama which, with a minimum of stylized stage deportment, became thoroughly compelling. The arias which Handel wrote for this work are as beautiful as anything he ever composed. They bespeak genius in every measure, and, being performed by such singers as the American Opera Society had on hand, to

orchestral accompaniments that were polished in every nuance, their effect was unforgettable. I do not think I have ever heard more extravagantly lovely music than in the aria "*V'adoro, pupille*" as it was sung by Miss Schwarzkopf, nor a more heartrending duet than the one by Miss Forrester and Mr. Oberlin, "*Son nato a sospirar*."

The American Opera Society has been reaping the highest critical praise for several seasons now, and playing consistently to sold-out houses. Nowhere have they showed the excellence of their musicianship and taste more clearly than in this production.

(Continued from page 427)

modern art, *The Great Gatsby* and *An American Tragedy*. The most stimulating and effective teachers on the campus are shunted to the program. Indeed, learning is fun when the environment is vacational; the students, who are freed from their jobs completely and live at an Evans-ton hotel, attend classes between rounds of coffee breaks and field visits (to the Art Institute, noted buildings, concerts and the South Side slums); there are even daily cocktails in a lounge rented for the purpose. First-name intimacy is immediately established between teacher and student. Discussion is informal; classes are conducted in a carpeted lounge, with excellent lighting, ash trays by each foam-rubber chair, and even a blower to keep the air clean.

A scholar remarked: "This is all brilliant as entertainment, and in the long run it surely helps the university financially. But no one is liberated by these courses. The students' basic loyalties remain unchanged; indeed, they are strengthened. They are no longer merely *company* men, but *industry* men. They are more sophisticated, but they are still man as money-maker rather than man as man. In a truly liberal education, of course, accepted values are challenged. Not here. I do not think there's any danger of the executive-students being 'liberated' to the point of interference with their primary devotion to the profit motive. In short, the companies believe in liberal education insofar as it doesn't work."

"How can one be creative about selling toothpaste — or telephones?" another teacher said. "The fact is, you can't. But business wants to perpetrate the myth that there is no gap between the practical and the creative life. You don't have to stand off against business to be an artist; your creative talents can be developed in industry. This myth — basically a promotion lie — says: 'We are the artists, the intellectuals, the creative men of our age. Even the universities recognize the fact.' And the universities cooperate by giving them a patina of humanism and a host of new persuasive techniques, and to top it off, sell their prestige along with it. The universities are selling short their own belief in scholarship."

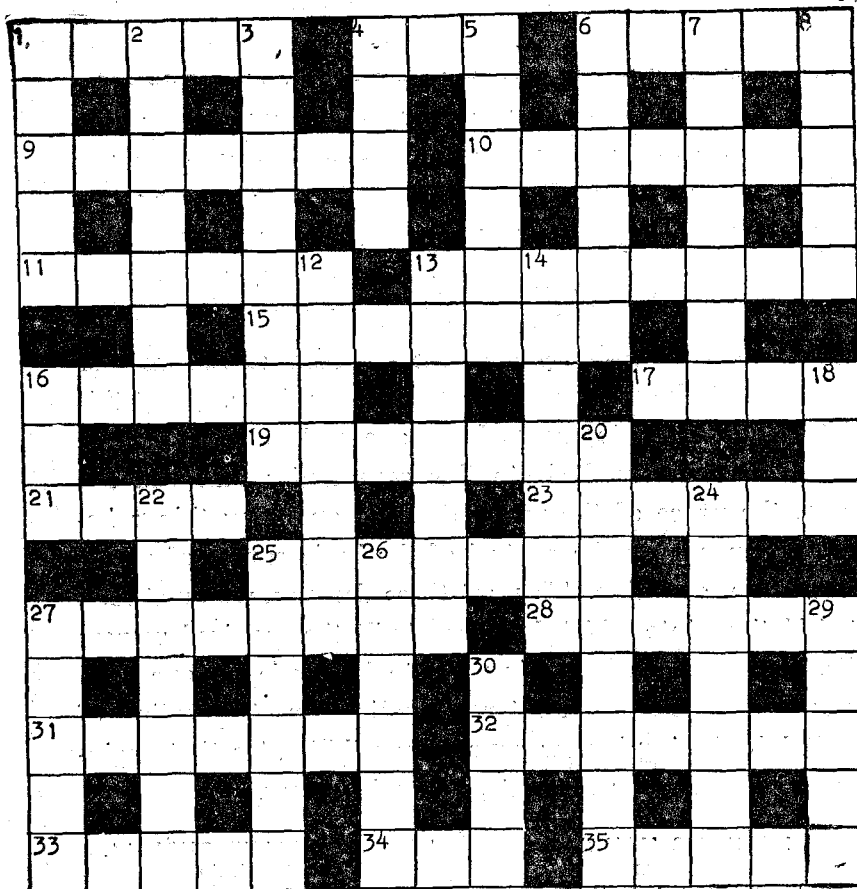
BUT IT IS also fair to ask: How many educational programs at any level actually succeed in intellectually liberating the student? How often do college students really question their roles and responsibilities? Don't most students at any level maintain their basic loyalties, prejudices and intellectual limitations, merely using their learning experience to defend and reinforce them? In short, why should we demand more from an "executive program" than from any other learning experience for other groups?

Such a question does not remove this writer's belief that corporation heads should have genuine wisdom consonant with their vast powers. Wisdom is hard to come by under any circumstances; and it is doubtful whether an eight-week "executive program" makes the finding of it any easier.

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 797

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 4 Make a 32 with this out. (3)
- 6 and 1 down What women try to do in buying rats and guns. (10)
- 9 A horn is such a bore! (7)
- 10 Catches seals without much trouble! (7)
- 11 and 1 across This might be hell for the carpenter! (6,5)
- 13 Is lace a lot of trouble to divide up? (8)
- 15 A Roman's way of getting Charon? (7)
- 16 Found beneath a picture of the foot? (6)
- 17 Asymmetrical. (4)
- 19 A potherb of the goosefoot family. (7)
- 21 4 across, lightly. (4)
- 23 Four score in hand, no less. (6)
- 25 and 4 down What the cowboy might carry to cover a wad of bills? (7,4)
- 27 Showing which is new? (8)
- 28 Lots of hair in jars? (6)
- 32 Made with a 4 across, or a 21. (7)
- 33 A lift of expression, perhaps. (5)
- 34 Sack, in the quasi-military sense? (3)
- 35 One who knows the ropes is always finding it (5)

DOWN:

- 2 Romanoff sometimes has it as an alternative in merchandising. (7)
- 3 More than one reading has a longer introduction in November. (8)
- 5 Hold the boat still — it's good ad-

vice to 20 down. (6)

- 6 Mm divided by M. (6)
- 7 and 24 down Obtained principally from membership dues? (3,4,2,5)
- 8 As the wasteful sort, reputedly. (5)
- 12 To plead for the case of the future jumper? (7)
- 13 Like Jenny? (7)
- 14 1 down, when the satchel is broken. (7)
- 16 and 31 across Fallen angels? (Under the bar, no doubt.) (3,7)
- 18 Happened to be looked up? (3)
- 20 See 5 down. (8)
- 22 De Gaulle is somewhat less than 27. (7)
- 25 No bark in this condition is acid. (6)
- 26 What Shelley's serenader does from dreams. (6)
- 27 Jobs held by pickets. (5)
- 29 15 doesn't participate in such a game. (5)
- 30 Forms ties with 1 down. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 796

ACROSS: 5 Scalped; 11 Some; 12 Attempting; 14 Senior; 15 Protegee; 17, 24 and 27 Get right to the point; 22 Prehension; 23 Flat; 26 Snowballs; 28 Sprayer; 29 Derange. DOWN: 1 Sacks; 2 Oarsman; 3 Hash; 4 Roasts; 5 Shebears; 6 Allopathic; 7 and 9 Playing cards; 8 Designers; 13 Noticeably; 14 Signposts; 16 and 1 across Whistler's Mother; 18, 10 and 19 The poor are always with us; 20 Hellion; 21 Bossed; 25 Spar.

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To the Men at Geneva

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